WEDDINGS AMONG SLAVES.

Courtship and Marriage of Plantation Negroes Before the War.

From the Charlotte Observer.

as equal with his master. He was very par-

ticular about the good name of the white people with whose servant he would form a

masters and mistresses in matrimonial af-

fairs as well as in other things that pertained

A courtship was conducted with great gal-

or more. The engagement, after permission was granted to the marriage by the owners

of both the man and the woman, was generally not longer than a few weeks. Generally a slack time in working the crop was

selected, that they might have a larger holiday, but otherwise their nuptials were celebrated almost any Saturday evening, and have Sunday for the regular reception day,

Sunday after a marriage, the white people, as well as the black, would invariably "show out." Many persons who were not in the habit of going to church would attend on

It was customary to give all the negroes

on the plantation where the girl lived a holi-day. They spent it in cleaning up and pre-paring the supper, and having everything in

readiness for the momentous occasion. Late in the afternoon the bride was dressed in her finest apparel, and eat waiting the coming of her expected husband. When he arrived -already dressed—he was usbered into the

presence of his intended, and there awaited the coming of the priest. It was not quite dark; blocks sawed off about three feet long, stood on their ends, held the pine torches

that gave a bright light over the yard. The wedding supper was already arranged on the table—and here let me say that it would rank with what was often seen in the houses of the white folk. Presently a commotion

was noticed by the crowd, the officiating priest had come, and immediately the wait-

ing couple marched out of the humble cabin into the hallway of the "big house." Here

rare flowers of rhetoric that never failed to provoke a smile among the sable audience. After congratulations the next move was

supper. The supper was given by the master; a pig, or mutton, with a few fat hens, consti-

a pig, or mutton, with a few fat hens, consti-tuted the meats, with bread and pies and cakes in profusion, and coffee. No wine or liquors of any kind would be tolerated. When the feast was over they would repair to a room prepared for dancing. The fiddle and the banjo were the only instruments the negro loved, and such dancing as followed would put to shame the round dances of the present. The Irish jig was a favorite with the boys, and was indulged in to show the activity of the dancer. When the small hours of the night were come, the party would disband for the night. The morrow

hours of the night were comercial would disband for the night. The morrow being Sunday, and a great day for the "show out" at ehurch, negroes from a considerable distance would attend to do honor to the wedding party and to gratify their

attend church and "show out."

to his life.

TALES THAT ONE EXISTS IN ITS UNEXPLORED WILDERNESS.

Ethnologists Think It May Be the Remnant of the Once Numerous Beethie Nation Exterminated by White Settlers in Newfoundland-Bestruction of a People.

QUEBEC, Oct. 15 .- Stories of a race of aboriginal giants unknown to white men and dwelling in the unexplored interior of Labrador have come from Indian sources at frequent intervals during the last few years. The late Adirondack Murray had planned an expedition to the Far North for the purpose of testing the truth of the oft repeated rumors, but died before carrying his purpose into execution; and Leoni-Hubbard, Jr., was starved to death in the inhospitable interior of the Labrador peninsula less than a year ago while endeavoring to make his way to the abode of this strange people.

Ethnologists declare that if any such Indian tribe is now in existence its numbers must be exceedingly small, and its members represent the only survivors of the once famous Beothics or Red Indians of Newfoundland. The last living representative of the Beothics seen by white men died in captivity at St. John's, Newfoundland, in 1829, and it is a much mooted point with the Mistorians whether the race became altogether extinct immediately after that, or whether, as some suppose, a small remnant of it escaped from the island and rossed by the Straits of Belle Isle to Lab-

At all events, the story of the ruthless extermination of the Red Indians from Britain's oldest colony forms a dark chapter in its history. These poor people were treated with the most brutal cruelty and for a long period were regarded as vermin to be hunted down and destroyed. They ere driven to deeds of fierce retaliation, and war to the knife became the rule be-

and war to the knife became the rule between the two races.

The Beothics were a much finer and handsomer race of men than the other North American Indians, and hence, perhaps, the stories of a race of giants in the interior of Labrador. They were large in stature, being some 5 feet 10 inches in age height, and of a very active bind.

They had aquiline noses and very regular features. Their eyes, while did not possess any marked pseuliafity of form, like those of the Esquimaux, where black and piercing to their vessel.

and their hair way coarse and allowed to tall over their far es.

The Beothica were the aboriginal in-habitants of Newfoundland when it was discovered by Cabor in the closing decade of the Afteenth century. Their affinity with Ac Malavo-Polynesian race is at least

formed part of a great emigration from the Indian archipelago, consequent upon the B ddhist invasions of these islands prior to the Christian era. Passing from island to island, they finelly landed on the Pacific coast of America, when they were forced northward by the stronger races in the south, and formed the first wave In the south, and formed the first wave of an emigration across the continent between the Esquimaux on the extreme north and the powerful races to the south, and probably in hastility to both.

About the seventh century of the present era, the entire Algonquin race was driven into the far east by tribes of Siberian origin.

into the fareast by tribes of Siberian origin, who became Astec-Sonora, Paduca, Choc-Law, Iroquois and Dacotah Indians. The Micmacs were the most northerly of the hostile Algonquin bands and came into violent collision with the Beothics, probably the oldest and the weakest of the colonists, and at last compelled them to cross the sea and to take up their abode in Newfoundland as a refuge from their enemies.

enemies.

Bad as was the treatment which they received at the hands of their Micmae foes. it was as nothing compared with that which was meted out to them by the white settlers of Newfoundland. At their first intercourse with Europeans they were disposed to be friendly, yet they were goaded into relentless hostility, and finally exterminated

Not only did Cabot, the discoverer of the Not only did Cabot, the discoverer of the island, carry away captive with him to England three of the natives of Newfoundland, who were presented to Henry VII. "clo'hed in the skins of beasts," but two yars later Gaspard Cortereal captured fifty of the natives and carried them away with him, intending them all, men, women offty of the natives and carried them away with him, intending them all, men, women and children, for slaves. Pasqualigo, the Venetian Ambasador at Lisbon, who saw the captives, described them as admirably adapted for labor and the best slaves he had ever seen, and declared that the King of Portugal contemplated deriving great advantage, from the country in consequence. Such was the treatment that these people received almost at their first meeting with Christian chilization.

From his next voyage to Newfoundland Cortereal vever returned, and to this day it is not known whether he suffered ship-wreck and subsequent death by the elements, or whether he fell a victim to the revenge of the surviving members of the

revenge of the surviving members of the

In 1556 one Hore made an unsuccessful In 1536 one Hore made an unsuccessful attempt to kidnap a number of the natives of the island, and in 1574 another collision occurred between the white men and the Indians. In that year some of the natives came on board of Martin Frobisber's ship, which had been driven by the ice on the coast of Newfoundland. With one of them he sent ashore five of his sailors, whom he never saw again. On this account he seized one of the Indians and carried him off to England, where he died shortly after his arrival.

his arrival.

In 1622-Richard Whitbourne, who was sent by the British Admiralty on a mission to Newfoundland, published an interesting account of the Beothios, who seem not only to have been of a very high order of intelligence, but to have enjoyed magnificent hunting and fishing in a country which is still a paradise of hunters and fishermen. Whitbourne himself speaks without any apparent sense of shame of having appropriated some of the effects of the natives, though even in his time all friendly relations had not ceased. Unrelenting hostility, however, was soon the order of the day.

belves and determined upon being revensed.

They invited the Miomaos to a feast and arranged their guests in such order that every Beothic had a Micmao by his side. At a preconcerted signal every Beothic slew his guest. War of course ensued, and a particularly sanguinary battle was fought between the two tribes at the north end of Grand Pond.

White furriers and fishermen continued to shoot down the Beothice, sometimes in wantonness, sometimes in professed fear of them, sometimes in the spirit in which they would shoot a wolf and sometimes in the spirit of the sportsman hunting beaver. Lieut. Cartwright of the British Navy, writing in 1768, says:

"On the part of the English fishers their conduct is an inhumanity that sinks them far below the level of savages."

Illustrating this statement, he tells of the murder of a woman whose companions fied at the sight of the white men, while she gave herself up as a prisoner, only to be ripped open with a knife in response to her piteous appeals for mercy on the score of approaching motherhood. Again, in 1768, a number of fishermen shot down another woman in cold blood, carrying away with them her infant, which was sent to England and there exhibited during the following winter for twopence a view.

In the neighborhood of Bonavista, some traffic was carried on toward the end of the eighteenth century between the red men and the whites. The latter carried out goods and left them at a spot within reach of the Indians, who came and took them, leaving furs instead. But this barter was put an end to by a white man who lay in ambush and shot a woman dead while she was removing some of the goods.

Writers of the period agree that there were white men on the island who admitted that they would rather kill an Indian than a deer. Well into the ninetsenth century the poor Beothics were shot down without the least provocation. It is not so many years ago that there were men living on the northwest coast of Newfoundland who were in the habit of boasting of the number of Indians whom

endeavored to respen intercourse with the natives of the island and to promote their welfare, the poor Beothics had acquired such a distrust and absorpance of the signs of civilization that they were animated by an inexorable deeper of revenge against all white men.

which killed five of them, the rest fleeing to their vessel.

Eight years later another expedition explored the interior of the island as far as Red Indian Lake, the headquarters of the Beothics, without succeeding in establishing any communication with them. Admiral Lord Gambier, when Governor of the island in 1802, offered a reward for the capture of a Red Indian, to be employed in a new attempt to reopen intercourse with the remainder of the tribe. As a result, a Red Indian woman from Gander Bay was captured and brought to St. Johns by a fisherman named William Cull, in 1803, and a reward of £50 was paid over to the captor.

she was treated with considerable and sees in St. Johns and appeared to be sensible of it, and in the following year was handed over to Cull to return to her people, together with some \$75 worth of trinkets, &c. There is reason to fear that the poor woman, instead of having been returned to her friends, had been murdered for the sake

friends, had been murdered for the sake of the goods sent with her.

One of the most melancholy narratives connected with this unfortunate people dates from the winter of 1810-11. Lieut. Buchan of H. M. Schooner Adonisundertook another attempt to resume intercourse with the natives. He succeeded in finding a party of them, and, taking two of their number as hostages, left two of his marines with them as a pledge of good faith and returned to his depot for presents.

ber as hostages, left two of his marines with them as a pledge of good faith and returned to his depot for presents.

During his absence the fears of the red men were aroused, and they suspected that he might be bringing up reenforcements with a view to capturing them. They murdered the hostages and fied to the interior. In 1819 another woman was taken by a party of trappers on Red Indian Laké. She was accompanied by her husband and another Indian, who, having offered resistance, were both relentlessly shot. The woman was taken to St. Johns and was named Mary March, from the month in which she was taken.

She was treated with great kindness and went back to her friends with presents, but died on the voyage, having suffered for some time from consumption. Her body was placed in a coffin and left on the margin of a lake so that it might be found by her people. They conveyed it to their burying place on Red Indian Lake, where it was found several years afterward by the adventurous traveller Cormack, lying beside the body of her murdered husband.

Three Indian women were taken in a wigwam in 1823, near Badger Eay, by a party of men from Twillingate. They proved to be a mother and her two daughters. The mother and one of the daughters soon died, but the third, whose name was Shanandithet, survived for about two years and became ussful as a house servant.

She is described as six feet high and hav-

mother and one of the daughters soon died, but the third, whose name was Shanandithet, survived for about two years and became usful as a house servant.

She is described as six feet high and having a fine figure, her complexion swarthy and her features handsome. In her manners she was bland, affable and affectionate. When a pencil and a piece of paper were given to her she drew a deer perfectly at a few strokes, and, what was most surprising, she began at the tip of the tail.

She and the others were unwilling to be sent back to their tribe, and Shanandithet declared that if they returned they would be killed by their own people as traitors, for having lived among the whites, whom they considered their deadly enemies. These were the last of the Red Indians seen alive by white men. Shanandithet died in the hospital at St. Johns of consumption, in 1829, after six years of civilized life.

A final effort was made in 1828 to discover and open communication with the surviving Beothics. In that year the Beothic Society formed at St. Johns for the civilization of the aborigines, but formed too late, organized an expedition under Mr. Cormack to that part of the island supposed to be still occupied by a remnant of the tribe. Many interesting relics of the Red Indians were found, including their burial places and some of their dead, their weapons and their cances.

With the failure of this expedition the last hope of finding any living Beothics was abandoned. Either, says Dr. Harvey, they were gradually thinned in numbers, by wars, disease and want, till at length, perhaps on the banks of the Red Indian Lake, the last Beothic looked despairingly on the ruins of his race and the grave of his fathers, and them, folding his deerskin robes about him, followed his ancestors to the happy hunting grounds of the head in the relics of a once numerous nation, took a last mournful look at the desolate scene, and then departed for some unknown retreat, where the murderous arm of the white man could not reach them, but where with th remain registration between years as one the order of the day.

The planger's pals whooged Transportation and the cancer.

With the finding any living decided to have very many the state of the cancer.

The planger's pals whooged Transportation and the cancer.

The planger's pals whooged Transportation and the cancer will be added to have very many the state of the plant possible to have been presented as units and possible to the work of the plant possible to the plant possible

FINDS HE CAN'T MIX DRINKS AND BETS ON HORSE RACES.

Decades Ago—Two Sample Experiences showing the Advisabilty of Temperate Living During the Racing Season.

"I saw one of the noted plungers at the rack the other afternoon with a sozz on," emarked one of the bookmakers of the first line. "But he wasn't playing 'em. He is through playing them for the season. he had not shut up shop for the season and folded away his little betting book nobody would ever have seen him with that hiss-juice thing spread all over him: He would no more think of inserting into his system a short sarsaparilla with a stick in it during his horse-betting season than of taking 1 to 4 against a proper 4

"And that, as a matter of fact, is the way it is with all the plungers of this day. A good many of the top-liners among them, as a matter of fact, are testotalers all the year round, not so much from principle as from habit.

"The old-time plungers of a couple of decades ago, say, were a good deal on the shine order. They were more often than not heavy drinkers, and their plunging was done on the bullhead luck basis. They weren't the cold-as-ice business men of the betting ring that the plungers of nowadays are.

"When their horse would come out of the clouds and win for them the old-time plungers would waft all hands within sound of their voices up to the bar and do that openin' wine thing. Have you ever seen any of the modern plungers do that?

"Aside from the gleamy look of it, the boy who puts down and collects the yellow bales to-day isn't taking the world into his confidence as to his winnings. He'd a good deal rather have you take it for granted that he's losing every minute of every day at the track. The old-time plunger was tickled silly when the public accounts of his winnings were magnified three or four times their real size.

"But even some of the plungers who are still in the game had to learn their little lesson before they got down to the mineral water system during their ring seasons. One of the digit bettors who has been winding up every season tens of thousands to the good for years past, and who is good for his million or so any cheery morning he cares to walk to the places where he has it salted, was in the early days of his extraordinary career a winerino from away back. He hasn't had the Gaul glow on him for more than nine years now though, and there's a little story behind

"With a couple of owners and trainers this plunger had a thing fixed up for the closing day at Brighton, nine years ago that was meant to drive all the bookmakers to the rag bag and to make all the poolroom men in North America mace their clerks for car fare nickels on the evening of the day the thing was to go through. The plunger was to get the duff down, and the people with the horse were to do the

"The thing that they were going to use to stampede the stoolmen and pool men to the swamp grass was an old crip that had been patched up for his minute's work. The tinkering had been done by one of the trainers in on the frameup, a man who could come pretty close to taking a spavined carpenter's horse of wood and turn it nto a world beater for just one race. The old halt nag hadn't been out for more than a year, and it was pretty generally known that he had been nerved, so that nobody

that he had been herved, so that hooody was afraid of him.

"The aged gelding was dumped into a five furlong sprint, and the plunger got his gang of closemouths together and sent them on their separate little missions to the far cities where the poolroom black-boards were up. The other horses entered in the five-eighths scramble were all sprint-

in the five-eighths scramble were all sprinters of high degree, and so the plunger and his people had it ciphered out that there ought to be at least the 100 to 1 thing deing on their old crip.

"That's the way it was all set up to the morning of the race. On the morning of the day the race was to be run the plunger had himself and a gang of pals whished out to the track in a caloosh. They hadn't been to bed at all. The plunger wanted to get a look at the crip before sending the last word out for the coin to be put down.

"The souse was so heavy upon him that he could just about get out of the hack when the barn was reached, and his gang of troopers were right behind him with the zigzags. The trainer came out of the barn munching the alfalfa cud and looking innocent.

the zigzags. The trainer came out of the barn munching the alfalfa cud and looking innocent.

"'Let's take a peek at the old grasshopper,' ordered the plunger. 'He's a bum, I know, to look at, but I want to see how he sizes up this morning.'

"The trainer gazed slantwise at the reeling chaps with the plunger, and then pretended that he didn't understand the plunger's request. The thing had been worked up in star chamber, and the trainer didn't want to have it all crabbed by letting in a lot of outsiders who happened to have put in the night breaking the necks of bottles with the plunger.

"'Oh, these hay haulers are all right, if that's what you mean,' said the plunger, noticing the trainer's hesitation. Friends of mine, hull bunch. They don't savvy what's coming off, anyhow—don't savvy anything, hey, by the looks of them. Walk the old turtle out here in the sunshine and let's have a pipe at him,'

"There wasn't anything left for the trainer to do but to walk the horse out.

"The aged gelding, his legs done up in steaming pillows as big as country hams, was led out by the trainer, and stood blinking solemnly in the sunlight. He didn't look as if he could give his own shadow decent exercise, much less keep up with racehorses. He was stiff and set in shape from years of campaigning, and he had the droopy manner of a hop.

"The plunger's pals whooped. They wanted to know where the junk wagon was. They kidded and strung the plunger and pounded him on the back and told him that he was getting the eye for a house as he grew older.

"The plunger became chillier with himself every minute as to the big gamble on the aged ambler that stood munching like a cow, until he wound up as sore as a butcher.

"'S all off, Jack,' he announced to the trainer as he reeled toward the waiting

saken by the sudsed plunger at the last hour dug him out of his hotel bed that night and told him how jauntily he had snatched three or four hundreds of thousands of dollars away from himself and crabbed their good framed-up win down to a few pairry thousands.

"The plunger didn't say much, but he has never let a drop of the fussy water into his frame from the beginning to the end of the racing season since that year.

"Another of the still surviving plungers—he also makes book—who is more than content with seitzer lemonade while the racing is going on mowayears once cleaned himself out of a \$40,000 win through an involuntary jag that he inadvertently carried to the track with him. This was at Gravesend, in '95, when Tod Sloan was riding.

"The plunger was going to Tod for general results, and, like all the rest who did that for a long stretch, getting the goods in round bales.

"One of the plunger's teeth became ulcerated, and he made an afternoon date with a dentist to have it fixed up the next day. That shut him out of attending the game for one day, but he arranged to have his Tod bets dewn, all the same.

"He looked over Tod's mounts on the night before his appointment with the molarsmith and picked out the three of them that looked right. Then he called upon one of his pals of the ring, handed him \$5,000 and teld him to make a parlay on those three ridden by Tod. The ringman took the plunger's commission down in his note book, and it was fixed.

"The plunger did quite a lot of balling up before he went to the dentist's, with the idea that that was going to help some. The dentist got through with the ulcerated tooth in a good deal shorter time than the plunger had been expecting, and so he decided to hustle out to the track and maybe catch the last two races, one of which, the earlier, wound up his parlay.

"The tooth still jumped around a lot and the plunger on his way to the track did the best he knew how to make it keep still by going to the flack he carried with him for that purpose. Two of the Tod thi

HABITS OF HUMMING BIRDS.

NOT DIFFICULT TO CATCH AND EASILY TAMED.

> Courageous and Pugnacious and Bold in Defence of Their Nests and Young-Most Elegant in Form and Splendid in Color -South American Names for Them. With its rich subtropical climate and

its wonderful profesion of flowers it is not to be wondered at that California has great numbers of humming birds. These fashing little feathered gems are wonderfully brilliant of plumage—scarcely sur-passed by those of Central and South Americe and other tropical countries. These birds, says J. Mayne Baltimore

in the Los Angeles Times, are scattered all over the Western Hemisphere-in all parts of the United States, not only in the South, but far north, where it is absolutely cold. Even in countries to the north of Canada they may be seen flying about, their brilliant plumage strangely contrasting with the snowy aspect of the scene. Ornithologists assert that these birds are

of a migratory nature. They generally retire from the northern to the southern part of the United States about the latter part of September, passing into Florida about the beginning of November. In California and also in Tierra del Fuego, which occupy about the same relative positions north and south, some species remain throughout the entire year.

Of course, the California hummer may revel almost uninterruptedly, the year round, in a wealth of floral sweetness and

Did you ever hold a live California humming bird in your hand? I have been fortunate enough to hold several of these wee, brilliant creatures. I have peeped into several of the downy, Queen Mab, gossamerlike homes. Really wonderfully constructed tiny affairs!

Two of the nests contained eggs-just two each; two contained young birdsbeelike fledglings. The eggs were smaller than ordinary garden peas-perfectly egg shaped, of a gray, pearly tint.

Humming birds the world over are Humming birds the world over are bold, daring, courageous and pugnacious little fellows, despite their gaudy, toppish ways. Those of California are no exception to the rule. The general impression is they are very timid and wary. But the reverse is the case.

One hot afternoon in June I was sitting in a graden reading. A few yards away

One hot afternoon in June I was sitting in a garden, reading. A few yards away stood a large bed of brilliant carnations. If there is anything which a humming bird fairly dotes on it is pinks.

Suddenly I heard a loud hum near at hand. Looking toward the carnations I saw two hummers hovering around the flowers. I watched their movements closely for several minutes with great interest.

Presently I observed that one of the little creatures appeared to be entangled.

Presently 1 observed that one of the little creatures appeared to be entangled. Its tongue, or long, needlelike beak, was caught in some manner in the stamens of a large-pink. Round and round the little fellow kept fluttering in a helpless way, but he could not liberate himself.

Instantly I dropped my book and ran over. The other bird, the little female, It was unusual for a negro to take a wife

at home. He would select one on a planta-tion adjoining; often going from one to six miles to suit his fancy. He would marry in a family where the owners were regarded Instantly I dropped my book and ran over. The other bird, the little female, darted away like a shot. I very softly to comprising the entire to the tiny prisoner in my hand and then gently liberated it. For half a minute or more I held the futtering, trembling creature in my hand. I only wish I could describe the beauty and brilliancy of the plumage. Silk, velvet, gleaning, flashing gens, and the delicate, iridescent tints of the rainbow are the only adequate words. Finally I released the capitys. In a flash le was out of sight. One good fright was enough. Neither bird ever came back to the carnation bed again. At least, the plinks were not visited again by humming birds that season. This summer I was out fishing in the Santa Cruz rountains. All the regions around were wild, lonely and rugged. One hot day I was fishing slong a rushing little torrent. I was standing knee deep, out in the stream, on the upper edge of a swirling of were wild, lonely and rugged. One hot day I was fishing slong a rushing little torrent. I was standing knee deep, out in the stream, on the upper edge of a swirling or wild were wild, lonely and rugged. One hot day I was fishing slong a rushing little torrent. I was standing knee deep, out in the stream, on the upper edge of a swirling edgy. Opposite, on the rocky bank at stood a cedar tree. A long, slender litropy feet above my head.

While busy angling a hummer came buzzing around my head. It kept circling around me ha an annoying manner. Several times the wee thing actually flew into my face.

Finally I stopped fishing. Instantly and we were wild, lonely and rushing only a feet.

Finally I stopped fishing. Instantly and we were wild, lonely and rushing only a feet.

Finally I stopped fishing. Instantly and we there are an any level me. matrimonial alliance. It was common for the negro to take pattern after his white lantry. Some would terminate in a month, while others would continue for a whole year

times the wee thing actually flew into my face.

Finally I stopped fishing. Instantly the bird alighted on a twig and eyed me sharply with its bright, beadlike eyes. A moment later its little mate arrived on the scene. Then began a great bustle, "Surely there must be a nest near by," Issid softly to myself.

Then I looked all around, but failing to discover one, resumed my fishing.

Immediately both birds came whirring around my bared head like two anary hornets. This they kept up until I desisted. Then both alighted and eyed me suspiciously. Again and again I tried to fish, but the persistent creatures would give me no peace.

but the persistent creatures vould give me no peace.

Down I laid my rod and began to search carefully for a nest. Sure enough, there was one concealed smid the cedar boughs, right above my head, where I stood fishing. Very gently I drew the pendent branch down until I could take a furtive reep into the thimble of a home. Meantime the birds kept angrily buzzing about, frequently striking against my face. In this fairylike little nest were two very delicate pearl gray eggs, not as large as a small pes. And the nest! Well, I shall not attempt to describe it!

Having gratified my vulgar curiosity. the marriage ceremony would be performed with all the dignity and solemnity the occasion called for. The vanity of the officiating parson always induced him to prolong the ceremony, and it was bedecked with some rare flowers of rhetoric that payer failed to

And the nest! Well, I shall not attempt to describe it!
Having gratified my vulgar curiosity. I quietly withdrew, to the very evident delight of the little domestic couple.
On another occasion I was out walking in an orchard. I observed two humming birds flitting around a certain apricot tree branch. They seemed to regard me with great suspicion, uttering their short, chirping notes. I stopped, watched the pair, and then slowly advanced, which greatly increased the birds' excitement.
When within a few yards of the tree I noticed a young bird sitting on a nest. He was almost grown. Not wishing to frighten the little chap. I abruptly stopped. But it was too late, for he darted away. However, he was too callow, and his fledgling wings too weak, for down he sank, fluttering and falling into a big tuft of tall grass.

ling wings too weak, for down he sank, futtering and falling into a big tuft of tall grass.

As he was perfectly helpless, I picked him up and tenderly placed him back on the nest. To my surprise and amusement, the bird did not attempt to escane; but he stood up boldly on the edge of his nest and looked straight at me in a defiant and saucy manner, just like a starling. In the meantime the parent birds were whirring around my ears like angry wasps. But when they saw that I meant no harm to their offspring they alighted on a branch near by and watched me closely. When I retreated both seemed greatly relieved.

Once I was spending a few days in Santa Clars valley at a farmhouse. A large clump of climbing honeysuckie stood in one corner of the yard. I noticed two hummers almost constantly hovering about these fragrant trailers, sipping at the flowers and capturing tiny insects.

I went out one afternoon and secreted myself in the clump so as to observe more closely the actions and peculiarities of the birds. One was the largest humming bird I have ever seen, and its plumage was simply gorgeous.

Presently the birds came bustling around

The Unusual Store

More Remarkable Bargains in Oriental Rugs.

This is THE Oriental Rug store of the United States.

A larger assortment is displayed here than in any other ONE STORE.

We buy direct in the Far East and we sell direct to you.

There is no comparison between the USUAL RUG SALE of the usual store, and this RUG SALE of "The Unusual Store."

Great saving opportunities are offered in this special sale.

Special Sale, Fifth Floor.

In these four lots there are represented Cashmere, Eulaha, Muskabad, Feraghan, Savalan, Amritaar and Sultanabad Ruge, Color effects are Blues, Reds, Greens, Cream, Pink and Old Ress, in Oriental Land.



A. A. Vantine & Co., Broadway, bet. 18th & 19th Sts.

ART SALES AND EXHIBITIONS. | ART SALES AND EXHIBITIONS.

Knickerbocker Art Galleries

7 West 29th st.

C. E. Smith. Auctioneer. HIGHLY IMPORTANT EXHIBITION AND SALE. Exhibition To-Morrow and Tuesday, from 9 to 6. By Card, to be had of Auctioneer.

at 241 Central Park West.

CORNER OF 84TH ST.
THE CONTENTS OF ABOVE LARGE MANSION at Absolute Sale, Wednesday, October 19, AND FOLLOWING DAYS AT 11 O'CLOCK, BY ORDER OF

Mrs. Isaac B. Newcombe.



366, 368 Fifth av. (near 34th st.) James P. Silo, Auctioneer. ANNUAL SALE Italian Consignment of

Pergola Marbles, Benches, Fountains,

Tables, Dials, Urns and Pedestals TOGETHER WITH

The Contents of Two Fushionable Apartments,

The Froperty of

PROMINENT STOCK EXCHANGE BROKERS. SALE THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, Oct. 20, 21 and 22, at 2:30 P. M.

EXHIBITION TUESDAY, Oct. 18, and throughout the Week.

fash the bird discovered its mistake. It darted with full force against a window darted with full force against a window pane and dropped on the floor at my feet. I hastily picked it up. It seemed quite I have been and the bequite I have been and the brilliancy of the bird sand the brilliancy of the bird sand he have a very poetical tradition respecting these silvery dew and nectar. It is now a ruby, it seemed quite I have been and the picked it has part of years and the list of th

of eggs and young the birds are very bold—
not hesitating to attack any intruding enemy. The Liliputs are fierce and persistent combatiants.

Does the humming bird sing? He does, if one may call it song. The northern bird —ruby-throated—(Trochilus colubris) is as ineffective in his notes as a cricket with a cold; in fact, his song suggests just that comparison.

The creature does not, as so many suppose, live entirely from the nectar sipped from flowers; but it captures and devours myriads of small flies and tiny insects that also haunt flowers.

By reason of its boldness the humming bird is not so difficult to capture, and it is quite easily tamed. In captivity the creature will greedily sip honey mixed with water, but it must have small insects, too, to live and thrive.

The ancient Mexicans called this bird Hoitzitzilitototl, or Hoitzitziln; some writers

and the particular and the state of the stat